



EDWIN T. MEREDITH

former Secretary of Agriculture, is as familiar with the needs and problems of people in our rural communities as any one in America today. He says: "If we save consistently we will have done the thing most needed to establish our prosperity."

You can lay the foundation of your prosperity by starting a bank account at

## ST. FRANCIS COUNTY BANK

## SHERIFF'S SALE UNDER

## DEED OF TRUST

Whereas, William R. Hensley and Martha Hensley, his wife, of the County of St. Francois, State of Missouri, by their certain deed of trust dated the nineteenth day of August, 1920, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of St. Francois County, Missouri, in Book 126 at page 261, conveyed to B. F. Towl, as Trustee, the following described real estate and all the improvements thereon, situate, lying and being in the County of St. Francois and State of Missouri, to-wit:

Southeast quarter (¼) of the southeast quarter (¼) and the south one-half (½) of the northeast quarter (¼) of the southeast quarter (¼) of section 7, township 35 north, range 4 east, containing 15 acres, more or less, according to Government Survey.

Which conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of certain notes in said deed of trust described, and whereas, said notes have become due and remain unpaid, and whereas, said B. F. Towl refuses to act as such trustee; now therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said notes and in pursuance of the terms and conditions in said deed of trust mentioned, the duties of said trustee have devolved upon me, the Sheriff of St. Francois County, Missouri. Therefore, I will proceed to sell the property above described, to the highest bidder for cash, and public vendue, at the south front door of the Court House in the City of Farmington, St. Francois County, State of Missouri, on Saturday, November 12, 1921, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of satisfying said indebtedness and the cost of executing this trust.

JOHN G. HUNT, Sheriff  
of St. Francois County, Missouri.  
Oct. 28, Nov. 4 and 11.

## SHERIFF'S SALE UNDER

## SCHOOL FUND MORTGAGE

Whereas, Susan C. Spradling and A. T. Spradling, her husband, by their certain School Fund Mortgage, dated March 21, 1917, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of St. Francois County, Missouri, in book 37 at page 287, conveyed to the County of St. Francois, State of Missouri, for the use and benefit of the Capital School Fund, the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in the County of St. Francois, State of Missouri, to-wit:

All that portion of Survey No. 2058 described as follows: Beginning on the west boundary line of Boyce Addition to Farmington, 7.44½ chains from the northwest corner of said addition, running thence north 83 degrees, West 3.87½ chains to east boundary line of Geo. W. Williams' two-acre tract; thence south 7 degrees, west 3.91½ chains along said Williams' line to the northwest corner of a one-acre tract belonging to Mrs. Donaho; thence south 83 degrees, east 3.87½ chains to west boundary line of Boyce Addition; thence north 7 degrees, east along said line 3.91½ chains to the beginning, containing 1½ acres, more or less; and

Whereas, the County Court of said County by its order, dated October 24th, 1921, did find that default has been made in the payment of the sum of money secured by said School Fund Mortgage according to its terms and the terms of the bond secured by it, and did decree that judgment for said sum be entered against the said principals and sureties in said bond, and did further order a sale of the property hereinabove described to satisfy the same; and

Whereas, a certified copy of said order has been delivered to me; Now, therefore, in conformity with the provisions of said mortgage and by virtue of the order of the said County Court so delivered to me, I, the undersigned Sheriff of St. Francois County, have levied upon the real estate above described, and will on

By MARTHA MACWILLIAMS.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Marfa held to a religion of hate against housework. A vain piece she, proud of her soft hands with taper fingers and filbert shaped nails. Her dream was to sit in airy fairy garments in softly lighted spaces evolving beauty from gay-colored wools and rich silks or turning lace and linen into garments fine enough for a princess. She loved rich and fine textures and had an artist's sensibility to color. Silk especially fascinated her; she glowed over her scant store of it with an approach to miser joy. In a way that was lucky all around.

Her parents were just people of the old fashion, and somewhat narrow. When she was done with school and restless in too abundant leisure, they had settled her problem by offering her wages to stay and help her mother, who was in vigorous middle age.

Neighbors had laughed at first—Marfa had a soft snap. Mrs. Lane would do all the hard things and her daughter get a tidy sum for standing by. There they reckoned without either mother or daughter. Shirk-ing was impossible to them—Marfa did her full share. But not for love of those needing it; instead, for love of silk.

She put by her money to buy her fill of it, permitting her parents to clothe her in things fit for a working girl. So the savings mounted steadily, albeit now and then Marfa was tempted by a scarf, a length of a rare weave fascinating in color and texture, a bit of satin or brocade truly royal. Nobody sought to hinder such spendings; an only daughter, even if rebellious against environment, is too precious to be crossed needlessly. Besides the elders were sympathetic toward Marfa's longings. She came by them honestly. They themselves were plain folk, but Grandma Marklen had been just the same. She had craved, saved and hoarded and at last died of shock and grief when her trunkfuls of finery were burned uninsured. Cynthia, eldest daughter, sole inheritor in her generation of grandma's passion, was thought by the two younger girls to have borrowed several especially gorgeous things just before the fire.

But she denied having them—so there the matter rested. The denying had made coolness between the sisters, but Cynthia, in her city home, cared little for that.

She had married well; a widower twice her age, with an overgrown son, and a bad case of grouch. Dying a few years after, he had left her a life estate that assured her a handsome income, but nothing in fee—everything reverted to the son, who had grown out of his bulkiness but kept his resentment to Cynthia. So when Joe Lane went to work in the city, Cynthia, otherwise Mrs. Jabez Clifford, had sought him out, made him free of her home, a handsome apartment—and introduced him to her friends.

He had done her much credit among them, being clean-minded, straight, tall and supple, fresh-colored and easy in manner with the ease that comes from a very kind heart. Yet she did not encourage him to speak of home nor home affairs. "I want you all mine, while you are with me," she had said in the beginning. Hence his letters had not dwelt upon her kindness.

He was glad they had not when the trouble came—the home people might feel that he could appeal to her for help. That was, on the face of things, impossible; yet when she somehow sensed his deep disquiet, and cross-examined him cleverly, he ended by showing her his father's letter. "Son, don't jeopard your own future," it ran, "but if you can, lend me a thousand dollars or so. What I let you have when you left us was a gift outright; am not asking a penny of it back. You know why, I think, so the land might go free and clear to your sister. She may love it not better than you do, but it can't die nor run away, and can be so left to her as to make it certain she has comfort. And it insures us old folk a good living as long as we have no debts to pay."

"Now there isn't the scratch of a pen against me, but with the fruit all killed, the garden-truck more than half ruined and wheat so hurt by last week's frost, the income in sight will barely pay taxes, and insurance and no matter how you save, saving isn't possible when you haven't any money."

"A thousand will tide us over beautifully—could get it on mortgage easy, but I want to die as I've lived, mortgage free. You will, I know, be glad to help me if you can with justice to yourself. That you must decide—if you are likely to hurt yourself in pocket or standing with your partners, say so like the man I hope we've made you. I know you won't think I ought to use Marfa's money, she has saved a little more than the thousand in her three years' work for us. But we know, mother and I, her heart is set on spending it for silk, and she shall have the fun of doing it no matter what happens."

Aunt Cynthia read the letter through, pursed her lips, winked hard, then said abruptly: "Joe; will you take me down there for the week-end Saturday?"

"Yes, if you care to go," Joe said restrainedly. He had hoped she might

be touched; instead she seemed to think only of herself. Later by perforce needed, and outside borrowing would queer, not only himself but his firm. To that she nodded affirmatively but said only: "We'll go, but don't you dare give them warning. I want to see all things for myself."

All the long sunny afternoon the runabout took them through a frost-scathed world. The sunny days had brought out fully the havoc wrought—overtaken trees were nipped, orchards showed as disconsolate blots on the landscape—wheat that had been like green velvet was a tangle of twisted darkness with a faint yellow showing through. Even the lines of young corn wore yellow tips. Joe was no land-lover, yet he groined in spirit over the ruin.

"Farmers are the really reckless dealers in futures," he said bitterly. "They make everything—against wind and weather, things nobody can control."

Aunt Cynthia nodded. "I'm glad you have quit the game," she said.

Marfa ran out to welcome them, bare-armed, trim and rosy, with wispy curls peeping out from her white cap and a fetching dimple at play in her left cheek. Behind came her elders, with smiles and open arms. They were maddently cheerful for folk on the edge of ruin. Joe had written instantly, confessing himself unable to help—but here were all hands lively as crickets, with no cloud anywhere in sight.

Supper was a poem made manifest in country plenty and superlative cooking. Aunt Cynthia exclaimed over it to such an extent her sister was moved to say, pretending to sigh: "Yes—we've a fine cook—but, my, she's a pirate in petticoats! Has gone up on us a dollar a week—with wages tumbling all 'round us."

"And the worst is—we can't discharge her—you see she owns us—and the place," Mr. Lane said, with a twinkle. Marfa frowned at him, but he went on: "Fact—holds a mortgage on everything—for the rest of our lives—so we can look the sheriff in the eye and make faces at the tax gatherer. Still—I'm a little afraid she'll prove rather a tyrant."

"Marfa? You never?" Joe cried, a choke in his throat. "How could you—when—when?" There he had to stop. "When you love silk so well," Aunt Cynthia finished for him. Marfa had stood up, her eyes downcast—now she ran behind her father, put her arms around his neck and said clearly: "Can't I love them better?"

After that the visit was a joyous riot. Marfa, the informing spirit of it, petted everybody. Even Aunt Cynthia—who ended by staying a fortnight. Two days before she left came a wonder-trunk for Marfa—one which disgorged rainbow miracles of silk and satin, lace and linen cambric. Underneath there were some heavy brocades, stiff and gorgeous enough for coronation robes. Mrs. Lane gasped at sight of them, but her sister said proudly, holding a creamy gold-shot fabric next to Marfa's glowing face: "Here's the wedding gown, child—and don't you wait too long to wear it."

"Thanky, madam—I won't," Marfa said, blushing rosy-red.

## TOO MUCH GLOOM SPREADING

Just because everybody can't get ten dollars a day, like they did during the war, and yet have the price of living tumble 25 per cent or more, as it has, thousands are inclined to gloom and pessimism, and that makes everybody else sore. It is bad business and people ought to cut it out. Start down the street and groan and gloom and growl at and to everybody you know and note how people shake you, and look at their wrist watches, and have pressing engagements elsewhere. The facts are that we as a nation have ten thousand reasons for being happy and optimistic for every one we have for being otherwise, and this gloom business is getting on the public nerves. It is only a state of mind, at best, and much of it can be shaken off with little effort. It looks like about a million of us had organized ourselves into a Society for the Suppression of Tranquillity and Joy. The political department assures us that dire distress is camping on our trails, that the disarmament conference will fail, that unemployment must increase and stupidity and gross corruption has us by the throat. The financial department points out that our economic structure is now tottering from its base up, that inflation is still rampant and that the greatest panic in history is due to start in day after tomorrow. The ministerial and reform departments point out that in tracking crime to its fetid lair they find that never before did we drink so much bootleg elixir; that the scantiness of women's clothes proves that the serpent of depravity is gnawing at our vitals; that the home is going, or gone, and all sturdy virtues are things of the past. It is perfectly wonderful how many lives there are out of order, and how many gourd heads have pebbles rattling around in them. Maybe we better all go out and jump in the well.—Ex.



Columbia Dry Batteries work better and last longer

- for bells and buzzers
- for thermometers
- for gas engines
- for dry battery lighting in closet, cellar, garret, barn, etc.
- for ignition on the Ford while starting. Put an end to cold weather "balks"

The world's most famous dry battery, used where group of individual cells is needed. Farmington Spring Clip Binding Posts at no extra charge



## When Comp'ny Comes

—what new airs of busy importance the old doorbell puts on!

Take home a Columbia "Bell Ringer" Dry Battery and give your doorbell a chance. A single package of double power—solid as a brick—no connectors to fuss with. For all bells, buzzers, alarms, heat regulators, etc. One Columbia "Bell Ringer" works better and lasts longer than the wired-up group of ordinary cells.

Sold by electricians, auto accessory shops and garages, hardware and general stores. You cannot mistake the package.

## Columbia Dry Batteries

—they last longer

## Benjamin Franklin Said:

"Show me your cemeteries, and I will tell you what I think of your people."

Let us improve your cemetery lot by the erection of one of our quality monuments.

## Farmington Marble Works

FARMINGTON

MISSOURI

## MISUNDERSTOOD DAUGHTERS

Ever since the world began, young girls have desired personal adornment. Centuries back the feminine instinctive demand was satisfied with jewels and reeds and hand-molded bracelets. Parents do not seem to realize that every girl inherits, through countless generations, this craving for the pretty frocks and hats and slippers, and so a great deal of unhappiness is caused. Mother flatly denies Mary the prettiest, saying they are unnecessary. And Mary, breaking her heart because she has set her mind on having the gay pink flowered hat, promptly rebels and sometimes, in her madness of youth's impulse, leaves home.

Of course, there is mother's side to the question, too. Mother has charge of the family pocketbook, and the pretty things Mary loves are expensive. But somehow, when it is entirely analyzed, as the social workers prove, who give out the statistics from their investigations, the blame seems unevenly balanced, with the great part of it living in mother's end.

The right viewpoint on the clothes question must be instilled into your daughter's heart when she is a tiny tot. Do not say a flat and cruel "no" to her small demands for a new doll, a new toy, anything her baby heart may crave. Explain to her as you would to the adult solicitor that you have just so much money to spend, and someone in the family would have to do without a more important necessity if you spent that money for a new doll for her. Choose someone whom little daughter loves very dearly in your explanation, and your appeal will hit the right spot in her baby heart.

But, returning to the subject of her clothes, later on, when she begins to blossom out as a social bud, much of the trouble could be avoided if mothers would take that primitive instinct for adornment into consideration.

If your income is so limited that you cannot afford to purchase dainty things every girl loves, try to make some of them for daughter. Work

with her early in the sewing room and get yourself into the habit of being her little pal instead of her keeper. It will be much easier later to plan together frocks and hats and dainty undertakings, and the idea of buying them at the shops will be a secondary consideration after the home sewing habit is formed.

Often mothers are heard to say: "Well, I didn't have those things when I was a young girl. Why should my daughter have them?"

Quite true. But think back and remember the heartaches you experienced because of the lack. Of course you did, because the instinct for nice clothes is latent in every woman's heart. You may have squelched the desire for these things because your own mother did not understand the world-old instinct, but is that any reason why your own little girl should go through the same pain?

When daughter reaches sixteen or thereabouts the instinct becomes strongest. The situation must be handled very carefully then so as to avoid wrecking the nucleus of a future character.

Not by over-indulgence is vanity, such as fathers are sometimes prone to shower upon their daughters, nor yet by stinting her natural desire for dainty attire, but rather by its wholesome gratification, by bringing daughters to see that the limited income must be budgeted, and then entering freely with her into the spirit of selecting the prettiest and best frocks obtainable in an adventure-loving, bargain-hunting spirit.

## "Cold in the Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions. All druggists, Chemists free. E. J. Chase & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

## HOW MOTHER MADE HER PIES

It's no secret. With poor flour she could have done no better than others. GOLDEN ROD Flour contains all the cereal elements that gave old-time flour its wholesomeness and flavor. Bread, cake and pastry baked from GOLDEN ROD Flour have made many reputations. Just try it once and see what better results you achieve.



## Farmington Milling Co.

**Warwick Hotel**  
St. Louis

Rates \$20.00 and up

FIFTEENTH AND LOCUST STS.

Warwick Hotel, St. Louis, Mo. has the finest dining room in the city. The food is served in the most elegant manner. The service is perfect. The location is ideal. The Warwick Hotel is the place to stay in St. Louis.

**GOODE'S MACARONI**

JOHN B. ROBINSON,  
Dentist.

Specializing in Plate and Bridge Work  
Complete X-Ray Equipment.

Office with Dr. B. J. Robinson,  
Farmington, Mo.  
Phone 94.

**GOODE'S MACARONI**

JOHN B. ROBINSON,  
Dentist.

Specializing in Plate and Bridge Work  
Complete X-Ray Equipment.

Office with Dr. B. J. Robinson,  
Farmington, Mo.  
Phone 94.

Everything, each week \$1.50

Subscribe now—\$1.50 a year